This Week
MAGAZINE

Democrat and Chronicle

MAGAZINE SECTION • DECEMBER 14 1952

THE ANNUAL RUSH: AND THERE ARE ONLY 9 SHOPPING DAYS LEFT!

A GREAT TRUE CHRISTMAS STORY OF THE PRIZE RING

by former heavyweight champion JAMES J. BRADDOCK . . . Page 7


BRADDOCK



RUTH ORKIN

GOD IS MY PARTNER

by Margaret Lee Runbeck

"It is ours to offer what we can: God's to supply what we cannot."
— St. Jerome (340-420 A.D.)

Anyone who masters even a minor achievement would admit, if he were honest, that in the accomplishing he has a Divine Partner. A child planting an acorn, or the greatest naturalist on earth each knows that his seed would end in barren dust, unless the Partner bestowed the growing.

What man brings to any achievement is the minority report. God does his work on earth through us. But we must *begin* the work before God can finish it. We take the first step, and He goes with us to the destination.

What have we that we can contribute to any undertaking? Well, we begin with the abilities we have, however small they seem, however large the job to be done. But how to make them big enough? A wonderful old Bible word is useful here. The word is "magnify." We "magnify" God in our plan, and that magnifies us. We begin by acknowledging that every quality we have came from God. Basing all talents in God, we see them endowed with His power. Having respect for what we bring to the task, we dare begin.

But we have not the strength until we step into action. Then our willingness and our patience, and sometimes even the courage to look ridiculous as we attempt what appears to be too big for us, goes to work. Now we must remeasure our ability, for gradually God has added to us exactly what we lacked for the task. We alone are but a segment of the need; God with us completes the full circle of the supply.

We are hesitant, afraid and inadequate when we weigh ourselves alone. We are strong and joyous and untiring when we draw on the power of our partnership.

Miss Runbeck *has been a novelist and short-story writer for more than 20 years. Her latest book, "A Hungry Man Dreams," was published in September.*



WHAT'S IN A NAME? Charles D. Rice, author of "Has Anybody Here Seen Blunk?" on Page 14, has a consuming interest in curious names — in other words, he's a neumenologist. Once, though, his hobby turned the tables on him. While in college he had to introduce a good friend of his to a blind date (this is a true story, he insists) and the introduction went like this: "Miss Sniffen, meet Mr. Smellie."

COMPROMISED. Speaking of names, Hugh Gibson, former diplomat and a This Week contributor, tells us about an experience he had while serving in the American Embassy in London during the early part of World War I. Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan sent him a personal telegram which read:

"Please take Miss King Sharp from Sacred Heart Convent and care for in your home until end of war."

It was a provocative message, to say the least, for Mr. Gibson, a young bachelor. But orders are orders, and obviously the first step was to make inquiries about the young lady. To Mr. Gibson's relief, he was able to send off a reply that same evening:

"Miss King Sharp unknown at Sacred Heart Convent."

But Secretary Bryan had the last word: "You have misunderstood. I want you to care for Miss King's harp, musical instrument."

COMING UP. Have you caught yourself complaining that 1952 has gone by at a dizzy speed? If so, you're probably lucky, because you most likely had a busy, interesting year. Next week, in "Why Does Time Go So Fast?" Reporter John E. Gibson reveals many fascinating facts about why time flies for some people and drags at a snail's pace for others.

Also next week: a pair of important year-end roundups by Food Editor Clementine Paddleford and Movie Editor Louis Berg, plus a special Words To Live By feature, which is certain to give you a thrill. — The Editors

This Week
THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE
WILLIAM I. NICHOLS, Editor
Editorial offices: 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, New York

Cover by Lucille Corcos

FOR A BETTER AMERICA

say "Merry Christmas" 5 dozen times with

Frosty Fruit Bars

Easy to make, good to give!

Betty Crocker's

FROSTY FRUIT BARS

(MAKES ABOUT 5 DOZEN BARS)

Preheat oven to 400° (moderately hot).

Mix together thoroughly:
- **1/2 cup soft shortening (part butter)**
- **1 cup sugar**
- **1 egg**
- **1 tbsp. grated orange rind, if desired**

Stir in: **1/4 cup pineapple or orange juice**

Sift together and stir in:
- **2 1/2 cups sifted GOLD MEDAL Flour**
- ***1 tsp. soda**
- ***1/2 tsp. salt**
- **1/2 tsp. cinnamon**
- **1/2 tsp. nutmeg**

Mix in with hands:
- **1 cup seedless raisins**
- **1 cup mixed candied fruit**
- **1/2 cup chopped nuts, if desired**

Divide dough in half. Roll out each half on lightly floured cloth-covered board into a rectangle 7x12-in. Cut into six 2x7-in. strips. Bake, on lightly greased cooky sheet, *10 to 12 minutes* in *moderately hot oven* (400°). While warm, spread with a confectioners' sugar icing and decorate with bits of candied fruit, if desired. Cut baked strips into bars of desired lengths.

SUCCESS TIP—If raisins or candied fruits are dry, rinse well with hot water. *Drain well* before using, otherwise dough will become sticky and hard to handle.

**If you use Gold Medal Self-Rising Flour, omit soda and salt.*

This Betty Crocker recipe and Gold Medal Flour give you the most delicious fruit-flavored cookies in many a holiday! Make many batches of Frosty Fruit Bars—for gifts!

Every batch will equal the last, because Gold Medal Flour is uniform. Its superior baking qualities never vary year in, year out!

Betty Crocker's staff at General Mills tailored the Frosty Fruit Bar recipe to fit Gold Medal's exceptional baking qualities! Try 'em together!

P. S. A homemaker sent five different kinds of cookies to each of ten homesick G.I.'s. And *all ten* boys rated Frosty Fruit Bars their favorite!

This Year Give Food

General Mills Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" ENRICHED FLOUR

Give Baked Gifts This Year



Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested"® ENRICHED Flour

the Cerfboard

OUT OF THE ATTIC


Bennett Cerf

FOR the legion of Currier and Ives enthusiasts, Crown Publishers have provided a volume containing 80 of the most famous prints in full color with notes by Colin Simkin. Here is a panorama of life in an America that was busy pushing its borders westward and barely beginning to realize its limitless potentialities.

LITHOGRAPHY — the process whereby designs and illustrations can be reproduced from impressions on stone — was introduced to America in 1826 by William Pendleton in Boston.

His "staff" was composed of one precocious 13-year-old apprentice, named Nathaniel Currier. Pendleton confined his product to business letterheads, maps and music. In 1835 when Currier set up shop for himself, he opened new horizons.

His first two prints were lurid depictions of fires that razed the Planters Hotel in New Orleans and the Merchants' Exchange in New York.

CURRIER'S business flourished from the start. Photography was still in its infancy. People came to depend upon Mr. Currier's lithographs for their first looks at national celebrities, Indians, buffalo, Mississippi steamers, tornadoes and maritime disasters.

In 1840, Currier's "The Awful Conflagration of the Steamboat Lexington in Long Island Sound, by Which Melancholy Occurrence Over 100 Persons Perished" sold so fast the presses were kept running night and day. The highfalutin' title was not exactly a drawback.

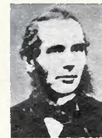
Succeeding prints all bore appellations including superlatives like "greatest," "most spectacular" and "magnificent."

Today Currier might well have been a promotion man in Hollywood — or writer of blurbs in a publishing house.

EXPANDING BUSINESS called for additions to the Currier staff. One new bookkeeper and handyman was named James Merritt Ives, so dynamic that in 1857 he was made a partner.

Ives added "art" to the line; pictures of disasters and historic events were now supplemented with scenes of family life, hunting, fishing and horse races. By 1876, the firm's catalogue contained over 2,800 items.

Door-to-door salesmen retailed them for 25 to 50 cents apiece. Occasionally a particularly ornate one would fetch as much as four dollars.



BROWN BROTHERS

Printers: Currier and Ives

THE DEVELOPMENT of photography and high-speed presses spelled the downfall of the business. By the time the last print was issued in 1898 the original partners were gone, and so were their markets.

For the next 20 years, Currier and Ives prints were given to children for cut-outs or were stored away in trunks in the attic.

Then came the great revival! That menace to the sanity and solvency of every married male, the antique shop, burst into full bloom. Currier and Ives prints were suddenly recognized as colorful Americana. A hundred dollars is now considered a bargain price for a genuine Currier and Ives. Scarce ones have been known to fetch as much as four thousand!

Have you examined *your* attic lately? — BENNETT CERF


They turned out over 2,800 pieces of Americana

Skin-Tonic Action in Lux Soap Care!



"Makes a wonderful difference... my skin looks so soft, so fresh!" says lovely Virginia Mayo

Wakes vital moisture within your skin

Take a tip from this glamorous screen beauty: *"I depend on Lux Soap care,"* says Virginia Mayo—*"its Skin-Tonic Action really makes skin smoother, fresher and clearer!"*

Your skin will take on quick new beauty . . . for Skin-Tonic Action in this daily Lux care wakes vital moisture within your skin. Moisture your skin must have to look its loveliest! . . . to stay *smoother and fresher*, day after day!

Moisture! even for dry skin!

Dry-looking skin is often "dry within." Skin-Tonic Action not only stimulates moisture, it helps your skin retain the natural moisture that brings quick new freshness, a softer younger look!

For you . . . a minute a day. Skin-Tonic Action is at work every moment of your Lux Soap facial. Cream in mild Lux lather . . . After your warm rinse, your cold splash . . . your skin looks so radiant, so velvety smooth.

Proved beauty benefits!

Try Lux. Tests prove daily Lux facials can improve any normal skin. Yes, with Skin-Tonic Action, just one cake of Lux can make your skin *definitely smoother, definitely fresher.*

"Lux fragrance is delightful in the bath," adds this lovely star, *"and it clings so long."* Try Hollywood's favorite beauty bath. Big bath-size Lux lathers abundantly, even in hard water. Makes you *sure* of skin that's exquisitely fresh and sweet. You'll find life's lovely, when you're Lux-lovely. Remember 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap.

LUX TOILET SOAP care and the beautifying benefits of its Skin-Tonic Action are guaranteed by Lever Brothers Company—or your money refunded.

Virginia Mayo

CO-STARRING IN

"THE IRON MISTRESS"

A WARNER BROS. PRODUCTION

Color by Technicolor

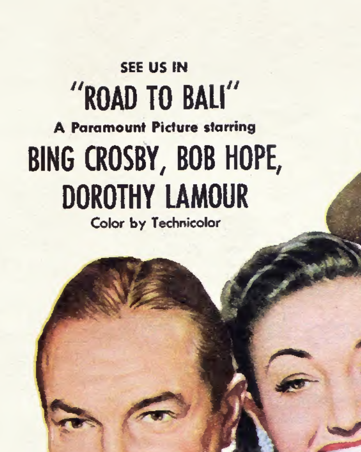
SEE US IN

"ROAD TO BALI"

A Paramount Picture starring

BING CROSBY, BOB HOPE, DOROTHY LAMOUR

Color by Technicolor



Bing, Bob and Dorothy *show you* HOLLYWOOD TAPE TRICKS to brighten your home at Christmas



GLAMORIZE YOUR HOME WITH CHRISTMAS CARDS . . .



BRIGHT GREETING CARDS give your home a festive, friendly look. "Scotch" cellophane tape holds them firmly on any hard surface.

WRAP COLORFUL PACKAGES THE EASY "1-2" WAY . . .

① SEAL WITH "SCOTCH" CELLOPHANE TAPE



② DECORATE WITH "SCOTCH" GIFT WRAP TAPE AND GIFT SEALS

EASY AS THAT!

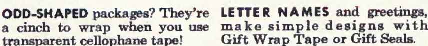


TAPE'S YOUR ALL-STAR HOLIDAY HELPER . . .



FASTEN ORNAMENTS, candy canes, tiny bells on your gifts with "Scotch" cellophane tape.

DRESS UP your house plants for the holidays with brightly patterned paper sealed with tape.



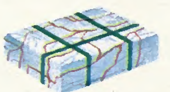


ODD-SHAPED packages? They're a cinch to wrap when you use transparent cellophane tape!

LETTER NAMES and greetings, make simple designs with Gift Wrap Tape or Gift Seals.







EASIEST PACKAGE ever! A whirl of cellophane, a few bands of colored tape, and you're done!

NOVEL WRAPPING materials give presenta a fresh touch. Try road maps, comic sections, wallpaper!

NEW *Gift Idea* FOR YOUNGSTERS!



There's fun a-plenty for small fry in the new "Scotch" Cellophane Tape *Play Box.* Fascinating toys to make, color, assemble . . . three-dimensional animals, buildings, vehicles.

Look for the *Play Box* display at your favorite store. Only $1.25 complete with 16-page book of cutouts, a dozen additional sheets of material, crayons, "Scotch" Brand Cellophane and Gift Wrap Tapes!

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Let these sparkling new tape designs add jewel-bright touches of color to your holiday wrapping, sealing, decorating. "Scotch" Gift Wrap Tapes are 10¢ and 25¢, Gift Seals 25¢. And be sure you have plenty of ever-useful "Scotch" cellophane tape—15¢, 25¢ and 39¢ sizes.



CELLOPHANE AND GIFT WRAP TAPES

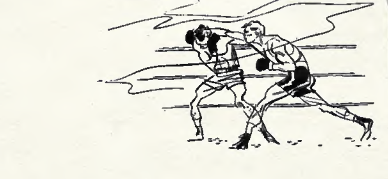
The term "Scotch" and the plaid design are registered trademarks for the more than 200 pressure-sensitive adhesive tapes made in U.S.A. by Minnesota Mining & Mfg. Co., St. Paul 6, Minn.—also makers of "Scotch" Sound Recording Tape, "Underseal" Rubberized Coating, "Scotchlite" Reflective Sheeting, "Safety-Walk" Non-slip Surfacing, "3M" Abrasives, "3M" Adhesives. General Export: 122 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N.Y. In Canada: London, Ont., Can.

TW—12-14-52



"Not a nickel for CHRISTMAS!"





BRADDOCK beat Maxie Boer for the title in 1935, was stopped by Joe Louis in '37

INTERNATIONAL

A popular ex-heavyweight champion recalls his favorite true Christmas story about a pug who needed a holiday miracle — and got it

by James J. Braddock

As told to JHAN ROBBINS

I'VE seen a lot of Christmas trees set up and knocked down since I first heard the story of Eddie Logan. Some of the Christmases have been big, plush holidays with chromium-trimmed bicycles for the kids and the hig folks knee-deep in fur and perfume and hand-painted ties.

Other times Christmas has been lean, with skinny strings of popcorn balls on a dry, skinny tree and the stockings at the foot of the bed fattened out with lots of tissue paper. Either way, I've always liked Christmas. It's always a good time of the year for the Braddocks. But the Christmas I like to think about happened at the time of Eddie Logan's last fight. That was 20 years ago, or more maybe, but whenever I see the tinsel in the store windows and the red and white Santa Claus suits cruising along the streets I remember Eddie.

If you hang around any of the training gyms a few days before Christmas, you will probably hear someone tell Eddie's story.

Seven Knockouts

THAT wasn't his real name, of course. But it will do. Like many fighters he'd had his name changed a few times in his ring career and being an amiable sort of guy be was willing to answer to all of them.

Eddie was almost too big a man for a fighter. He stood nearly six feet five. When I first knew him he weighed in at 199. Even then, he was a long way from being first rate but he could be counted on to put up a good fight. When he started out there was even some talk about his being a coming champ. He took his first 10 fights, seven by knockouts, and he looked very fine doing it. Two of those knockouts were against pretty good boys.

He was signed up with a shrewd handler, Frankie Lester. That wasn't his real name either. So that nobody will get his feelings hurt, I'm changing all the names in this story.

Well, after Eddie's tenth fight, Frankie, who'd never had even a smell of a near contender before, bought himself a half dozen monogrammed silk shirts and started making big plans.

"We're going to take it easy, though," be used to say. "I'm not going to take any chances on overmatching my hoy."

He wasn't kidding. The next two bouts Frankie arranged for Eddie were against two heavies who looked as if they had been fighting since John L. Sullivan's time. Eddie knocked out the first of these jokers in one minute and 12 seconds. But during the next fight, something went wrong. It lasted eight mean rounds.

Frankie has a kind of high-pitched voice, and toward the end of the sixth round he started shrieking, "What are you doing to me? You're ruining me!"

But by the middle of the eighth round, Eddie couldn't hear Frankie any more. The coming champ, with all the wise money on him, was out cold. It took 10 minutes to bring him around.

Eddie never looked as good again after that. A lot of reasons were offered. I was told he had a glass jaw. "Hit him on the jaw and he'll fall to pieces!" Others said he ruined himself by fighting over his head in his early bouts.

But he continued to fight. It was the only thing he knew how to do. He was married by this time and he made just enough to keep his family going. Flo Logan was a mighty nice girl and in spite of their bad luck they seemed to be very happy. Before you knew it, they had four kids — three boys and a girl — so close you could think they were quadruplets.

Proud Father

EDDIE was just plain nutty about those young ones. He carried their pictures around with him and everybody had to have a look. First he'd shake your hand and then, still holding on to you, he'd get out those snapshots. He'd even show them to the guys he was signed to fight. I guess I can understand it. I've got three of my own. Sometimes, when Eddie and I met in a gym, we'd get off in a corner and talk about our kids.

By and by, bowever, Eddie got to the point where he just couldn't win any more at all. Nobody would give him a fight. He got a few jobs as a sparring partner but even for training he was too easy.

The Logans were living in a cold-water flat on Tenth Avenue. It was a pretty miserable neighborhood but inside the place shone, and the kids stayed fat and rosy. How Flo managed, I'll never know. She even kept an extra plate ready in case some other guy who was as bad off as they were dropped in for a free feed. Eddie could have borrowed, but he was always peculiar about money. He was miserable when he got in debt.

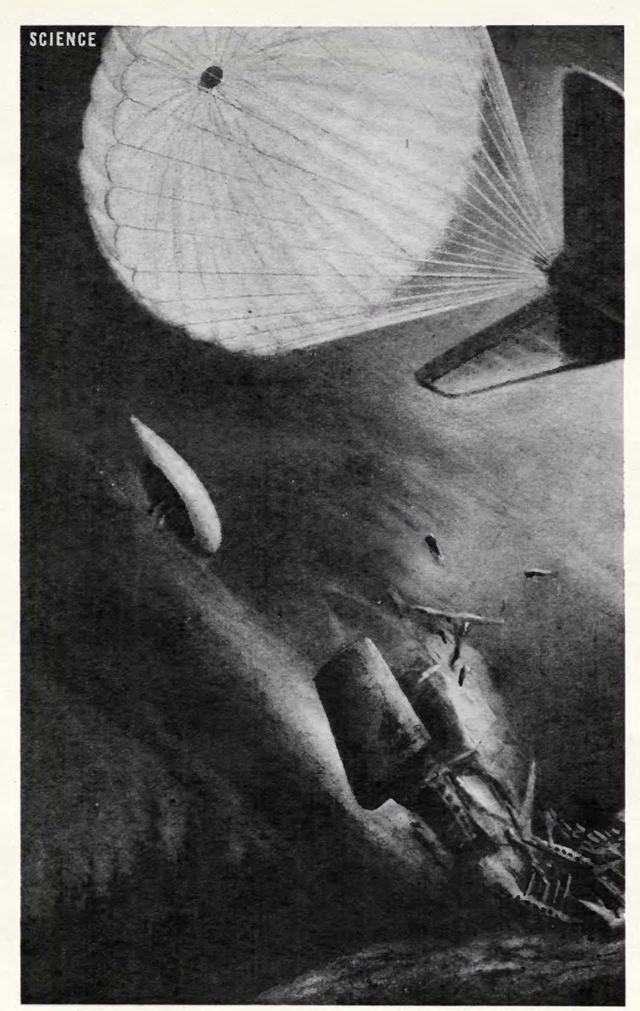
The conspiracy part comes in that

Continued on page 16

And No Passengers Were Killed!

Can passengers and crew survive a "fatal" plane crash? Yes, in many cases, aviation experts believe — provided that we adopt a set of revolutionary air-safety ideas

BY A. E. HOTCHNER



SLOW-MOTION CRASH: Parachute acts as brake, reduces injuries from impact.

SUPPOSE the plane in which you were flying was forced to make a crash landing? You'd fasten your seat belt and pray — and chances are, you'd need to. Today's airplanes are not crash-proof. The question is, can they be made so?

Within recent months, two groups of outstanding experts — one in England, the other in the United States — have issued reports that may well make the airplane of the future at least 50 per cent safer than it is today. **These aeronautical scientists have a word that describes what they are trying to achieve for the airplane: crashworthiness.**

The United States report comes from the famous Mayo Foundation where, since the end of World War II, Dr. Edward J. Baldes of the Section of Biophysics, and Dr. James J. Ryan of the Aeronautical Research Laboratories, have been working on the problem of how to prevent injury in airplane crashes. The British report was presented to the Royal Aeronautical Society by Mr. W. Tye, who is Chief Technical Officer of the Air Registration Board.

Here, in a THIS WEEK exclusive, are the outstanding features of tomorrow's safer plane:

1. *Backward facing seats.* Recently, an RAF Hastings, which is one of the few planes that now has backward-facing seats, crashed spectacularly, but all 25 of its passengers survived. Of the 19 passengers aboard a Valetta that crashed last year, 14 were completely uninjured, 5 slightly injured, all seated back-to-engine. And of 57 persons aboard a British Hermes that crashed into the Mediterranean, 50 miraculously survived the impact.

U. S. Air Force Major J. P. Stapp, using himself as a guinea pig, proved that the human body could withstand a much greater rate of deceleration than had ever been thought possible. The real problem is to keep the passenger from being thrown against something when the stop occurs.

The Pentagon has revealed that in the future Navy and Air Force planes will have backward-facing seats when the aircraft are primarily for carrying personnel. It is quite likely that this revolutionary move will force commercial airlines to follow suit.

2. *Crash chute to slow falling plane.* "In the case of impending crash," the Mayo report says, "parachutes attached to the plane should be available to allow a slower descent and to break the fall. Much could be accomplished by the use of parachutes in reducing impact and allowing the plane to descend in an upright position. Also, this would reduce the destruction on the ground due to falling planes."

It is also recommended that drag chutes be used to slow the plane down. Used successfully on military planes during the war, these chutes could be released from the tail of the plane when it is about to crash. They would greatly reduce the speed of the plane and lessen the force of the impact.

3. *Front part of plane to absorb total crash impact.* Both reports agree that if the airplane were constructed so that the forward part would collapse on impact, the remainder of the plane would probably survive intact. In a plane of this type of design, the occupants would all sit aft of the wing. Galleys, lavatories and wardrobes would be placed forward. The belly of the plane should also be flexible, to absorb the impact of belly-landings.

4. *Pilot situated toward rear of the plane.* This suggestion was advanced primarily for military planes. However, if engineers could provide rear pilot visibility comparable to what it now is, there is no reason why commercial airplanes could not use this feature also. At present, pilot and crew are completely vulnerable.

5. *Reduce the fire hazard, with:*

- Automatic fire extinguisher in wing beside the gasoline tanks.
- Carbon dioxide to flood a burning engine in case of fire in flight.
- Engines that burn off and drop without damage to the wing (this is now done on a few U.S. military planes).
- A safety fuel less ignitable than gasoline. The British advocate kerosene.
- Wing-tip gas tanks, used so successfully

Releasing gas tanks cuts fire hazard

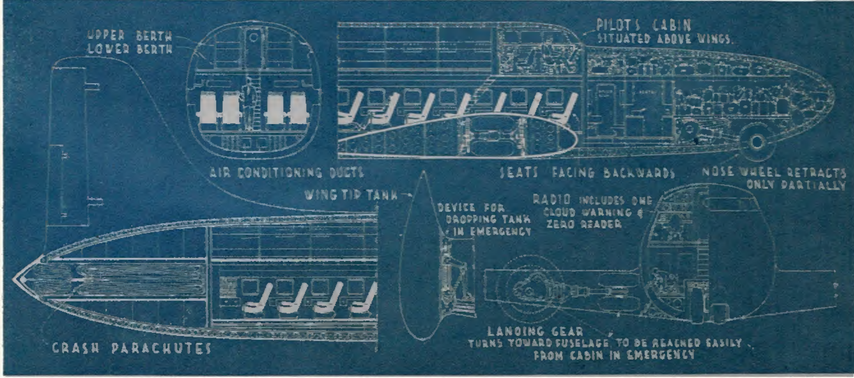
on military planes. In the event of a crash landing, the gasoline can be jettisoned.

• Crash-operated switches that cut off all power and electricity at the moment of impact, thereby eliminating danger of fire from sparks. These switches, which are triggered by the crash itself, are now used on almost all British planes but no American planes.

6. *Airplane capable of slower flying speed.* In a crash landing, the pilot obviously would like to land at the slowest speed possible. Percival Aircraft's Chief Technician says that if the airlines *insist* on a low stalling speed, manufacturers will be forced to develop slots, flaps, variable incidence wings, and other devices that will reduce speed. If passenger planes could be slowed to 75 m.p.h., occupants would be much safer than now. At 50 m.p.h. according to the British, the low-speed impact risk would be reduced to zero.

Other suggestions include: instruments in

Continued on page 22



AIRCRAFT OF FUTURE: Here are some of the safety features its design will probably incorporate

Ellis' mind started picturing the girl he had known in school. Why, she was a glamour girl now!



BIG SELLER. The author's hard-hitting novels have run up more than 2,500,000 sales.

HE KNEW A BROADWAY STAR

Little did Ellis Morgan's wife know what she was in for when a famous beauty came back into her husband's life . . .

by John D. MacDonald

Illustrated by Charles Hawes

FICTION

ON THAT epic evening Ellis Morgan found the newspaper singularly devoid of anything resembling news. He stowed it under his thigh and stared for a time out the train window at the too-familiar commuter landscape. He tried his mad game of pretending he was racing a bicycle against the train, but that adventure bored him after he came to quick grief against a culvert.

So when he suddenly discovered a magazine abandoned by a previous passenger, Ellis was delighted. Even if it were printed in Arabic, there would be pictures.

It was one of those sleek little magazines of the arts and the theater, with invaluable information about who was writing what in North Africa. Ellis found an article, a profile of sorts, about a certain Vania Derrold who, after much success in London, had begun what seemed to be an even greater success on Broadway in the new Kingsley Loomis play.

As Ellis vaguely remembered hearing his wife Janet's enthusiasm about Vania Derrold's acting ability, he began to plow his way through the article. Vania, it appeared, had experienced a remarkably unremarkable childhood — public schools in an upstate city. Like me, Ellis thought.

He looked at her picture again. A rather strange and interesting face. Derrold. Certain unused cogs in the back pastures of Ellis' mind disengaged and began to whir. He placed his thumb over the glamorous hairdo and examined the face carefully, moving the magazine closer to the window. He squinted just enough to soften the outlines of the face.

"Well," he said aloud. "Well!" And after a little thought he said, "What do you know!"

When the train arrived beside his station platform, Ellis Morgan collected hat and newspaper, folded the magazine inside the newspaper and disembarked, nodding more distantly than usual at his fellow passengers of the past eleven years.

His home was in a ranch-type development within walking distance of the self-consciously rustic station. The winding roads were named after colonial utensils and his house was the last one on Trivet Lane.

Except in the very worst of weather, Ellis walked it. And this was a rather pleasant April day, full of the better smells. As he walked he slapped the paper lightly against his leg, wondering exactly how he could best deliver himself of this entrancing morsel.

"Say, by the way, Janet. Found out today I happen to know Vania Derrold. In fact I once. . . " No. For best effect it would have to be inserted into the conversation quite casually. Deftly, in fact. And that involved either waiting for, or engineering, the proper opening.

AS HE walked into the kitchen he had the beginnings of a plan. It so delighted him that he clutched Janet a bit more enthusiastically than usual as he planted his evening kiss.

"Well, you must have had a good day!"

He knew that her questions about the office were largely routine. The functioning of the trust department of a bank meant as much to her as a discussion of batting averages.

"A fine day. Chops?"

"Lamb. And frozen corn. I let Sandy go to the movies after school, but she'll be back in time for dinner. And Dick is off on his bike."

She had laid out the implements for the evening drink. Ellis washed up quickly, changed to a flannel shirt, came back and mixed the carefully measured ingredients, poured Janet her portion. He was thinking of how different life might have been. He'd had quite a crush on Mary Jane Derrold.

"What in the world are you grinning at?" Janet demanded.

"I guess I just feel good."

She accepted that a bit dubiously. She had time for a quick drink with him, and then she had to go back out to keep control of things in the kitchen. Dick slammed in, all feet and empty stomach, to help watch the TV news program. Sandy got home a few minutes later. Ellis watched her talk out of the corner of her mouth and decided it must have been a B picture she saw.

AT DINNER when he had the proper opening he said to Janet, "It's funny, isn't it, the way you slip away from people you used to know. People in high school, for instance. You thought you'd be friends for life, and you can hardly remember how they looked."

Three sets of blue eyes focused on him, and there were three almost identical puzzled frowns. "So?" Janet said.

"Nothing. I just happened to be thinking of that today. That's all. Of course I didn't meet you until after college, darling. But I . . . ah . . . remember the competition. Wonder what happened to them. A Paul something, wasn't there?"

"Paul Blakely," Janet said, narrowing her eyes, "and you remember darn well what hap-

Continued on page 21






Which perfume type are you?

Take this Helena Rubinstein test... and find which perfume cologne is for you!

For years Madame Rubinstein has been creating fragrances that have become world famous. She has studied and experimented with this magic science in her many laboratories and even grows her own flowers in the south of France. Naturally, many women seek her advice on the type of fragrance they should wear. Now Madame Rubinstein has developed these 4 personality-perfume quizzes to help *every* woman find her own true fragrance—the one that can make her infinitely more personal and charming.

Take all 4 tests below. The one where you give 3 or more affirmative answers is the perfect fragrance for you. In case of tie, it only proves you're a woman of many charms and can wear more than one! For the cherished cling of perfume try Helena Rubinstein's new *Perfume Colognes* in Command Performance, White Magnolia or Heaven-Sent. They are doubly-strong and as lasting as perfume . . . but the bottles are so big and the prices so low you can lavish them on without feeling in the least extravagant. Exquisitely designed and topped with fabulous "jewels" they make brilliant Christmas gifts . . . and, of course, you'll want to start with yourself.

Are you meant for WHITE MAGNOLIA?

1. Do the men often compete to sit next to you? Yes ☐ No ☐

2. Does moonlight have a special magic for you? Yes ☐ No ☐

3. Do you prefer a love story to an adventure book? Yes ☐ No ☐

4. Are other women apt to be jealous of you? Yes ☐ No ☐

5. Do you like the feel of silk next to your skin? Yes ☐ No ☐

If this describes you, use WHITE MAGNOLIA Perfume Cologne, 2.00, 3.50, to accent your considerable feminine appeal. White Magnolia Cologne, 1.25, 2.00, Perfumette, 1.75, Body Powder, 1.25, Bath and Complexion Soap, 1.25.

Are you the type for APPLE BLOSSOM?

1. Do you look enchanting in ballet slippers? Yes ☐ No ☐

2. Do men think you're gay, fun to be out with? Yes ☐ No ☐

3. Are you a sun girl, in love with the out-of-doors? Yes ☐ No ☐

4. Do you like good casual clothes, collect sweaters? Yes ☐ No ☐

5. Do you walk in the rain, even if your hair gets wet? Yes ☐ No ☐

Does this "fit" you? Then you'll be delighted with the fresh charm of APPLE BLOSSOM. Perfume, 1.50 to 9.00, Cologne, 1.25, Body Powder, 1.50, Bath and Complexion Soap, 1.25.

Is COMMAND PERFORMANCE for you?

1. Do you sometimes start styles that other women copy? Yes ☐ No ☐

2. Would you prefer a penthouse to a rose-covered cottage? Yes ☐ No ☐

3. Do you love glitter, excitement, dinner at midnight? Yes ☐ No ☐

4. Are you daring, would you wear pink with red? Yes ☐ No ☐

5. Are you known for your subtle sense of humor? Yes ☐ No ☐

Yes? Then here's your perfect fragrance...as femme-fatale as you are... COMMAND PERFORMANCE Perfume Cologne, 2.00, 3.50. Eau de Parfum, 1.75, 3.00, Body Powder, 2.00, Bath and Complexion Soap, 1.25, Sachet Powder, 2.00.

Is HEAVEN-SENT your fragrance?

1. Do the men you know tend to put you on a pedestal? Yes ☐ No ☐

2. Would you rather go dancing than to a baseball game? Yes ☐ No ☐

3. Do you love to wear fresh flowers, pretty lingerie? Yes ☐ No ☐

4. Are you sentimental—do you cherish old possessions? Yes ☐ No ☐

5. Do you know the words and melodies to a lot of songs? Yes ☐ No ☐

Does this sound like you? Then you'll love and be loved in HEAVEN-SENT Perfume Cologne, 2.00, 3.50. Perfume, 1.25 to 9.50, Eau de Toilette, 1.25, 2.00, 3.25, Body Powder, 1.50, Bath and Complexion Soap, 1.25, Sachet Powder, 1.50, Bath Oil, 2.00.



JANE WYMAN at work. For her Christmas card, see far right

Cards by the Stars

Now Hollywood artists paint for the Christmas trade . . .

HOLLYWOOD'S Sunday painters, the movie stars who double in oil, have gone commercial.

Christmas cards by some of the more talented of the amateur artists of Hollywood will be sold this season and next. Joyce C. Hall, president of the Hallmark Greeting Card Co., bought reproduction rights to paintings by five Hollywood personalities and has included them in his stock-in-trade.

The artists are Henry Fonda, Jane Wyman, Groucho Marx, Fred MacMurray and Lionel Barrymore (whose card will be used next Christmas). Mr. Fonda's painting is a still life, while Jane Wyman depicts a farm she remembers near her home town of St. Joseph, Mo.

Fred MacMurray similarly borrowed from his childhood for his "memory sketch" of a Wisconsin farm. Groucho Marx describes the location of his picture as "East of Suez." What this means, we don't know. Groucho is hard to pin down.

For example, answering other questions relating to his work and early struggles as an artist, he had this to say.

Q. How long have you been painting?

A. All day.

But kidding aside, the paintings are pretty darn good. —LOUIS BERG

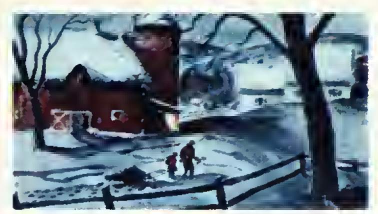


EDDIE HOFF PHOTOS

LIONEL BARRYMORE, dressed for the role, finishes off a pointing



GROUCHO MARX says it's "East of Suez"



WISCONSIN FARM is by Fred MacMurroy



HENRY FONDA did a Christmas still life



MEMORIES of Missouri girlhood inspired Miss Wymon

Has anybody here

Or have you met June Moon Magee? Here's a sport that's more fun than bird watching: collecting strange names

BY CHARLES D. RICE

IN 1946, veteran newspaperman Stanley Walker published an excellent magazine article on neumenology (the collection and study of curious names). Walker nominated A. Toxen Worm as the greatest find of all time, and I'm inclined to agree with him. But other great names crop up in the news almost daily, and I feel that the whole field of neumenology needs bringing up to date. Consider items like M. Fidelis Blunk, TV producer; June Moon Magee, New York society beauty; or the recent Socialist candidate for President, Darlington Hoopes. Such gems must not be passed over without proper relish and acclaim.



The greatest find of all?

It is easy to become a neumenophile, but few of us make the attempt. It's a shame, too, for the joys and thrills are exquisite, and it's even cheaper than collecting match books. For instance, just the other day I was lunching with a friend who went to high school with me and he mentioned that one of our old chums had recently married a girl named Lillian Stepladder. It was hard to contain myself. I wrote it down with trembling hand, and felt every bit as elated as a bird lover who happened upon a whooping crane in his back yard.

A Potent Name

OF COURSE, I do not pretend that Lillian Stepladder is anything more than a minor gem. It is no A. Toxen Worm. (The late Mr. Worm was a Broadway press agent; one cannot hear the name without catching his breath in wonder at what enormity the "A" might have stood for.) But Lillian Stepladder is a fine example of the kind of treasure that even the rank amateur can pick up in his spare time.

I think my own interest in neumenology dates back to grammar-school days, when my father hired a furnace man with the powerful name of Oliver Bombard. Though he was a small, mouselike man, I never saw him shake down the ashes without a feeling of awe.

In the years since, I have had my small triumphs, ranging from the gladsome Janola Cocanose (who sat behind me in third grade) to the incantation-like Boyle O'Boyle (a Boston lawyer); from the ornate James W. G. Bodfish (also a lawyer) to the utterly simple Pearl Button (of Melrose, Mass.).

More recently, I opened my office mail one morning to discover a communication from the office of Philippine Ambassador Carlos P. Romulo, signed by his private secretary, Miss Anastasia Dragon. This was enough to make a man's day! But to top it off, I opened my newspaper on the train home and learned that a $35-a-week subway porter had died and left a fortune — his name, Trammer W. Splown! That night I sat down to dinner in such a state of bliss that my wife leaned over to smell my breath.

Harvard Yale Pinsker

IN NAME-HUNTING, gold is where you find it, but there seem to be some areas that are slightly more productive than others. Lists of college graduates often yield up rich deposits, such as the class of 1927 at Harvard. This provides both a Napoleon Lovely and a Harvard Yale Pinsker, the latter apparently the product of severely torn loyalties. The annual report of Psi Upsilon fraternity for the year 1950 gives us M. Fidelis Blunk, whom I mentioned before. **Reminiscent of a heavy object dropping into a rain barrel, this name may have the makings of greatness.**

Lawyers appear to have more than their share of excellent names. One of the great finds of recent years was the late Hyacinthe Ringrose, who is always mentioned reverently whenever two neumenophiles meet. People who get run down by automobiles tend to be interesting too. Witness the 18-



NEUMENOPHILE'S gallery. Three

seen BLUNK?



Best-remembered teacher

year-old lad of Akron, Ohio, named Ronald Trash, and a lady of Nottingham, England, named Lavinia St. Leger Spool (the St. Leger, incidentally, is pronounced Sillinger).

As Walker pointed out in his own article, baseball players offer an embarrassment of riches. I shall not dwell upon them, other than to say that my own favorite has been a catcher in the International League named Victor Pig. I believe he is inactive now; it will be hard to fill his shoes.

One other player deserves mention: ex-St. Louis Brown infielder Henry Arft, who sounds like what dogs say in comic strips.

Henry L. Mencken is one of the few scholars who have delved into the field of neumenology, and he has come up with some beauties: Chintz Royalty, Julia C. Barefoot, George Goatleg and Memory D. Orange. The last has a special fascination, being so hauntingly pointless.

Meet Miss Wham

WRITER Frank Sullivan is another scholar of sorts who has done a good bit in the field, and will forever be applauded for two amazing discoveries: what unutterable delight he must have felt at happening upon Miss Dagmar Sewer and Miss Mary Lou Wham!

Name lovers do not often go in for company names; it's too much like shooting fish in a barrel. However, the famous Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborne stands muster, if only because someone once described it as sounding like a trunk tumbling down a flight of stairs. And I can't get a grocery firm in Miami, Fla., out of my mind: it is formally known as Ink & Hink.

Ink & Hink was reported to me by a friend in Florida, and that is one of the nice things about being a neumenophile: everybody scouts around for you. A young lady of Little Neck, N. Y., phoned me one night to say she had just met a Blanche Flanche.

A business acquaintance wrote me to announce that he'd heard of a Baltimore man named Orlando Furioso Bump. An editor friend told me he had read a manuscript offered him by Verna Bozung, and a photographer made me a special visit directly after he had hired a model named Peep Tomberg.

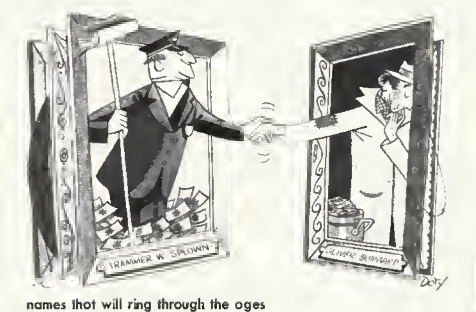
Governor Throop

ONCE I received a telegram from a cousin who said he had just learned that his wife went to school with a girl named Ming Toy Epstein and also had a teacher named Glory Bee (no relation to the famed basketball coach, Clair Bee). Our own contributing editor, Bennett Cerf, offers a southern correspondent named Zoë Posey.

One wonders why the field of neumenology is not teeming with devotees. Not everyone can come up with an A. Toxen Worm, but by merely thumbing through the Almanac one can discover treasures like Enos T. Throop (Governor of New York, 1829-32). It's an easy game, and practically no rules. One, two, three, go, folks! But stay away from M. Fidelis Blunk — he's *my* property!

* * *

EDITOR'S NOTE: ***Author Rice will be pleased to hear from any neumenophiles who feel they have names of particular value. He cannot guarantee that such names will be printed, but he will undoubtedly swipe them for his own collection.***



names that will ring through the ages

"NOT A NICKEL FOR CHRISTMAS!"

Continued from page seven

Christmas. Eddie was working as a dishwasher hoping to earn enough money to buy a tree and presents for his kids. After he'd broken an armful of china he was fired.

He ran all over town trying to land a quick fight. Not a chance. Then, in a bar near the Garden, he was picking away at a small beer when he ran into his old manager. Frankie never got as close to the big time again as he had during those few hopeful months with Eddie, but he had managed to keep going. There are hundreds of managers exactly like him.

Frankie bought Eddie a couple of beers for old times' sake. And pretty soon Eddie, who seldom drank much and never complained about his troubles, was telling everyone that his rent was four months overdue and there wouldn't be any Christmas for his kids.

Six-rounder in Philly

Now fighting is a pretty tough way to make a living and the people who stay in there can't afford to get soft. I've known some fighters who would cheerfully knock down their own fathers for a quick buck. But Eddie, as I say, had always been a right guy and as soon as he'd eased out of that bar everyone began figuring out ways to give him a hand without making it look like a handout.

Frankie made a few phone calls and then said he could get Eddie a fight in Philadelphia — a six-rounder — with young Tommy Weeks. The purse was $200 for the winner and $100 for the loser. It sounded good.

But then one of the boys who was fast with a pencil started figuring.

"It won't do," he said glumly. "Eddie says he owes four months' back rent. Say he pays twenty-five dollars a month. That leaves nothing for Flo and the kids."

At one time or another a lot of the guys there had eaten corned beef and cabbage at Flo's table and they all felt they had to figure out some way for Eddie to win. He had to have that $200.

One of the boys went out to talk to Tommy Weeks. Weeks, who was only 19 years old and not too sure of his way around, was anxious to make everybody happy.

"Well," he said finally, "I won't say I'll lay down. But I will take it easy with him and if he's lucky — well, who knows?"

"You Look Good, Boy!"

Tommy was assured that there would be a convincing scrap, and Frankie hurried off to tell Eddie he had a fight. All that week Eddie was training at the gym with Frankie telling him earnestly, "You look good today, boy! You really look good!" I guess he got Eddie to believing it.

The night before Christmas Eve eight guys, including Frankie and Eddie, piled into one car and made off for Philadelphia. They sang and joked a lot and slapped Eddie on the back and told him the fight was as good as won. But Eddie never smiled. He just sat there, staring straight ahead.

The first part of the fight went the way it was expected. Eddie threw a few punches and missed them all, as usual. Tommy missed a few, too, but he could have connected if he wanted to. Then Eddie hit him with a short right. **It was a light tap but Tommy staggered and shook his head as though he'd been really jolted.** But it wasn't very convincing, and the crowd started to boo.

That was when Eddie woke up to what was going on.

The way I figured it out later, Eddie had thought all along the fight was strictly on the up and up. But those boos tipped him off. He knew the tap he'd handed Tommy couldn't have hurt much. Now it slowly got through to the big lug, that maybe this kid was giving him the fight. And that made Eddie see red. He didn't want pity from anyone, not even for Christmas. He let go a flurry of rights and lefts, and when the round ended Tommy had a bad cut above one eye, a swollen ear and a bleeding lip. Tommy was the most surprised kid you ever saw. He came out fighting mad.

I suppose it wasn't quite fair of the boys to expect the Lord to mix into a fight that wasn't strictly on the up and up. But at the beginning of that next round they were all asking for a little outside help.

I guess they got it. Suddenly there was a roar from the crowd and Tommy Weeks hit the canvas like a sack of wet laundry! The referee hardly bothered to count. He knew — they all knew — it was all over.

Was it on the level? Like Frankie Lester says, "Brother, if that wasn't a fourteen-karat knockout then Dempsey threw the championship to Tunney!" Later on, Tommy himself said the punch that knocked him out was the hardest he'd ever taken. He was still surprised. But, funny thing, he felt pretty good about the whole affair. I guess he was glad not to have a fix on his conscience.

Snowsuits for the Kids

Next day a curious collection of mugs helped Eddie buy presents for his wife and kids. And on Christmas Eve they all went down to his house to see how much of a holiday Flo Logan could stir up on one day's notice. There was a tree that bent over where it touched the ceiling and red snowsuits and a sled for the kids and even a new coat for Eddie. Eddie bought Flo a fancy embroidered handbag for going out formal in the evening, and Flo cried and said that was exactly what she'd always wanted.

You can see now why I like to remember the Logans' Christmas. You don't even have to feel sorry for Tommy Weeks — he went on to win a lot of fights. As for Eddie, he managed to raise another stake and went out to Arizona to grow honeydew melons. I hear he's doing real well. *The End*

LIQUORS

Chon Day

"Why don't we take care of your side of the family right now?"

"Higher!"



QUIZ 'EM

Questions and answers from current news



ROSS MADDEN

COEDS. How much does their education cost?

POOR POP . . . *How much does it cost to send your son or daughter to college?*

An average of $1,310 a year. This includes books, tuition, room, meals and personal expenses. — *H.C., Los Angeles*

SCHEME . . . *What modern invention is the Fish and Wildlife Service using to take a census of wild ducks?*

Jet planes. They're equipped with cameras. Ducks can't hear them until the picture has been snapped. — *R.S., Philadelphia*

RURAL. . . *In 1852 it took five farm families to raise enough food to maintain one city family. How does that compare with today's conditions?*

Just the opposite — with one family able to produce enough food for five city families. — *R.A.D., Los Angeles*

BORROWED . . . *Why did the New Hampshire State Planning and Development Commission recently apply for a Federal copyright to the slogan, "Most stolen state in the forty-eight"?*

Because so many other states were using pictures of New Hampshire scenery to illustrate their own travel brochures. — *Mrs. V.R.G., Cincinnati*

BITE . . . *How much in taxes did the American taxpayers pay into the federal treasury in the 1952 fiscal year ended last June 30?*

$65,009,000,000 — an all-time record. This averages $415 for every man, woman and child in the U.S. — *R.C.O., Chicago*

LUXURY . . . *For whom is a special luxury train, one car of which will contain nothing but bathrooms, being prepared?*

For Queen Elizabeth and her entourage when she visits Australia next year. The royal train will boast air-conditioning, radios and telephones. — *Mrs. H.F.N., Jefferson, Texas*

CONDUCTED BY Tom Henry

NOTE: We will pay $2 for a question and answer used in this column. Questions are based on current news and clipping of news source must accompany answer. Address: Tom Henry, THIS WEEK, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Unaccepted contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned.



"Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho"



ALBERT GOMMI

ANGEL ICE CREAM makes a showy holiday dessert

TREATS OF THE SEASON

by Clementine Paddleford

***This Week* Food Editor**

Newspaperwoman Nell Snead is quite a cook. Here are some of her Christmas favorites

KANSAS CITY, MO.

"A WONDERFUL cook! Such parties she gives, and especially at Christmas." That's what Kansas City friends say of Nell Snead.

Eddie Davis, panjandrum in Nell's kitchen for the past 14 years, puts it this way: "Every so often Miss Snead has to get out here and have her fun."

One more version of Miss Snead's cooking talent: Nell said to a friend helping wash up after one of her dinners, "George, wasn't that great chicken curry?" George said, "It certainly was, Nell. I've just washed fifteen utensils."

Nell Snead, born in Nebraska, raised in the town of Tekamah, went to school in a variety of places, earned her teacher's certificate, taught school briefly, then decided on the sudden that she really wanted to write. She took a temporary job working on the "Kansas City Star." Today, 30 years later, she is still with the paper — Woman's Feature Editor for two decades.

Nell Snead knows just about everybody worth knowing in the three-state area of Missouri, Kansas and Iowa. She has friends everywhere and six nights a week there are guests at her table. It's an interesting experience to have dinner with Nell. The six-room apartment is crowded with mementoes of her travels, pictures of her family; here she keeps her collections — books on costume design, biographies of famous women, her first editions of poetry.

Best of Its Kind

"I AM a born collector," Nell said, showing me her porcelain boxes, her beautiful figurines. It's the recipes of her house that Miss Snead's friends are most glad she has collected and put into a looseleaf note book. These are not just any recipes, but the ones she has chosen after many trials, each the best of its particular kind.

Christmas is a festive season in the Snead household. Putting in an annual appearance for the holiday is Sybil Thomas Flaherty's suet pudding which came out of Wales. And always present is Mrs. Anthony Ostertag's pound cake. The dessert Miss Snead likes to serve after a hearty dinner is this pretty angel ice cream, so very easily done and good at any season of the year.

Angel Ice Cream

1 quart vanilla ice cream (packed in a round carton)
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
1½ cups moist-pack coconut (1 can)
Candied cherries, strawberries and red raspberries

Store ice cream in the coldest

Continued on next page

TREATS OF THE SEASON

Continued from preceding page

part of the refrigerator or in the freezer until ready to use. Just before serving, dash hot water over outside of carton and slip ice cream onto chilled platter. Coat mold with whipped cream, sprinkle with coconut and garnish with candied cherries, fresh or frozen strawberries or raspberries. For Christmas, surround with candied apples and a wreath of holly: Yield: 6 portions.

Mrs. Ostertag's Pound Cake

2 cups butter or margarine
2 cups sugar
2 tablespoons grated lemon rind
2 tablespoons lemon juice
11 eggs, separated
2 cups sifted cake flour
¼ teaspoon salt

Cream butter or margarine until light and fluffy. Gradually beat in sugar until thoroughly blended in fat. Add lemon rind and juice and blend. Add egg yolks 1 at a time, beating well. Beat for 2 minutes by hand or 1 minute in electric mixer. Carefully fold in sifted flour, using about 15 to 20 strokes. Beat egg whites with salt until stiff but not dry. Fold into batter until thoroughly combined. Turn into 2 (10x5x3) loaf pans which have been greased, lined with waxed paper and greased again. Bake in a moderate oven (325°F.) for about 1¼ hours. Yield: 20 1-inch slices.

Mrs. Ostertag is gone now, but her reputation as a great cook and a great hostess is still remembered in Atchison, Kan. Her pound cake is one of the most borrowed of the recipes in Miss Snead's "Dishes of the House."

Sybil Thomas Flaherty's Suet Pudding

½ pound dry bread crumbs (2 cups)
1 cup milk, scalded
½ cup sugar
4 eggs, separated
1½ cups seeded raisins, cut and floured
¾ cup seedless raisins
½ cup finely chopped citron
¾ cup finely chopped figs (or dried figs, stewed and chopped)
⅛ teaspoon mace
⅛ teaspoon ground cloves
¾ teaspoon ground cinnamon
¼ teaspoon grated nutmeg
¼ cup wine, jelly or grape juice
½ pound suet, chopped and worked to a cream in mixer or by hand
1¼ teaspoons salt

Soak bread crumbs in hot milk, cool and stir in sugar, egg yolks, fruits, spices and wine. Work suet until creamy and add to other ingredients. Beat egg whites with salt until stiff but not dry and fold into mixture. Grease a 1½-quart mold and fill with mixture. Cover mold with waxed paper; tie with string or cover with lid. Tie mold in a dish towel, knotted on top for easy removal from boiling water and place in a 4-quart kettle of boiling water. The water should come to the half-way mark on the container. Add more water as needed. Steam 5 hours, keeping the large kettle covered and water to half-way mark on container. Yield: 16 portions. Serve pudding with sauce, this sauce and no other, they're so perfect together.

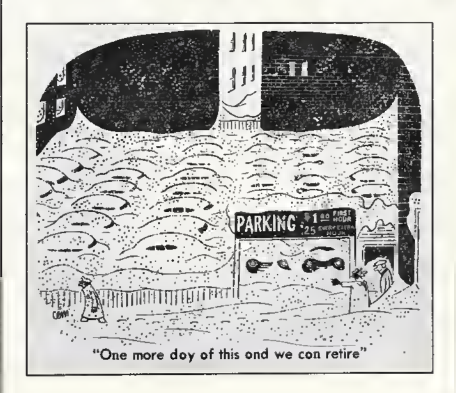
Liquid Sauce for Suet Pudding

1 cup boiling water
½ cup sugar
1½ teaspoons cornstarch
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 or more tablespoons brandy

Gradually stir boiling water into combined dry ingredients in a saucepan. Boil for 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and stir in lemon juice and brandy. Serve hot on pudding. Yield: 1½ cups.

* * *

HOLIDAY PACKAGE *is coming next week — best regional recipes from eight states, heirloom recipes gleaned from home kitchens of* THIS WEEK's *good cooks.*



"One more day of this and we can retire"



TODAY'S EXPERT: Warmth can be more important than words

How FDR Made Friends

BY ANNA ROOSEVELT

His daughter reveals a secret that every host and hostess can use . . .

"I MURDERED my grandfather this morning!" A startling statement, you might say. But in this case it's a statement taken out of context — from an old story which my father once used to illustrate a point.

His story came as a result of those huge White House receptions where the President and his wife stand for two or three hours shaking hands with a continuously passing line of guests. As host and hostess they wanted to make each guest feel individually welcome. So, besides a handshake, they would try to say something pleasant — though often they could say no more than, "It's nice to see you," since many guests were unknown to them.

ONE evening while relaxing after such a reception, Father reflected that he didn't think it mattered much what he or Mother *said* in greeting, that the important thing was the cordiality and sincerity of manner accompanying the handshake. Then, out of the blue, he said that he'd proved this to his satisfaction that evening by announcing to two of the passing guests that he had murdered his grandfather that morning, and that each one had gone smilingly by him to shake Mother's hand next.

Of course, this story may sound exaggerated. But it does serve to point up the secret that sincerity, good humor and cordiality of manner, not merely the words which are spoken, give the clue to good or bad hosts.

When Father used the word sincerity, he meant just that — not overeffusiveness or overattentiveness.

As a teen-ager, I can remember being baffled by the hostess who is supposed to be ultra-sophisticated. Some such phrase as, "My *dear*, how *nice* to see you," was used with such monotonous regularity to one and all that I didn't see how anyone could feel personally welcomed!

On the unsophisticated side, I'm sure that at some time you've had the experience of being greeted by a hostess who stuck a hand out in your direction and managed to mumble, "Hello there," as she either looked nervously over her shoulder at the roomful of people behind, or right by you toward the next arriving guest.

There's another ingredient to good hostessing which Father didn't mention in his story but which has always seemed important to me. That is the ingredient of relaxation. The nervous host and hostess flit with lightning speed from group to group, individual to individual. They are the ones who run up to you, tap you on the arm, and say all in one breath: "Everything all right? Do you have everything you want? Fine!"—and tear off before you've had time to do more than open your mouth.

THERE is another kind of unrelaxed hostess. This one is apt to give parties which are "planned to the last detail." This is the sort of party where she allows you no freedom of action or enjoyment. No sooner have you settled down to an interesting conversation than you are rushed off with the announcement that you've talked long enough to so-and-so, now you must go and talk to so-and-so-else.

When it comes to relaxation, the perfect host and hostess are those who try to keep a weather eye out for guests who are shy and those who are strangers, making them feel included and wanted. **Also they manage to give all their guests the feeling that they, too, are enjoying themselves without a worry in the world.**

All of this undoubtedly gets down to some human traits which are awfully good to have. Some people are born with them, others acquire them. They are: the ability to enjoy what you are doing at a given moment, a liking for people, an intuitive thoughtfulness for others, and a manner which bespeaks your own genuineness.

TW—12-14-52

Continued from page ten

pened to him. Mickey wrote me last year that she saw him driving a coal truck."

"Well, Steve then. The big one."

"I don't know what you're trying to prove, Ellis Morgan. Maybe you just want to humiliate me in front of the children. Steve has been in an institution for years."

All three sets of blue eyes looked coldly at him. Ellis felt uncomfortable. It wasn't going the way it was supposed to go. "I was only. . . "

"Maybe, dear," Janet said icily, "you're anxious to have me see what a lucky person I am. Okay. I'm a lucky person. Terribly fortunate you condescended to marry me. Oh, thank you, thank you."

"You know it wasn't that way," Ellis complained.

Sandy and Dick were eating with heads bowed in that look of excruciating embarrassment they always adopted when even the faintest of spats started.

"You are always seeing those dreadful cartoons," Janet continued, "where the awful wife is telling the poor henpecked little guy about the man she should have married. Would you feel better if Paul was President of General Motors and Steve was the Secretary of State?"

"No, but. . . "

"They were nice boys and they had bad breaks, both of them. And I don't think it's fair of you to rub it in that way. But I wasn't in love with them. I fell in love with you."

"Please, Mother," Sandy said with distant distaste.

"Why didn't you continue the list, Ellis?" Janet demanded. "How about Bob? There's a good prize for you. *He* went to jail. He's out now, I guess."

"Darling," said Ellis solemnly, "I'm sorry I brought the subject up."

He could see that her anger was cooling. But there was still a trace of Bunsen flame in her eye.

"I will have to do some research on your old girls some day," she said. "Then we can find out how beautiful and glamorous *they* are, and how unlucky you were when you married me. That Connie person in college, for example. I'll bet she weighs as much as a pick-up truck by now. And who was that dream child you used to bleat about? The high-school one."

Ellis licked his lips. He said, uncertainly, "Mary Jane?"

"Yes. Your precious Mary Jane. The poor man's Peter Pan, from what you used to say about her. What do you suppose *she's* doing, darling?"

"As a matter of fact. . . " he said stiffly, holding himself more erect. He paused.

"Oh, then you *have* kept in touch," Janet said bleakly.

Ellis looked at his wife. A very splendid wife, indeed, and even when she was angry there was a nice sheen to her. A nice warm pride. He saw himself at a train window, waving good-by to Vania Derrold. She seemed to be riding a bicycle into a culvert.

"As a matter of fact," he said, grinning, "Mary Jane probably married an elderly pin setter. She no doubt lives in Tasmania, knits doilies and has seven kids, not counting the two-headed ones."

Dick made a slightly choked sound, and both children looked warily out from under their defensive wall as the tension visibly diminished.

Janet was smiling at him. She said, softly, "Which all goes to show we both did pretty well, honey."

"I did a little better than you did," Ellis said warmly.

"How was the show, San?" Dick asked his sister, his voice too loud, his face agleam with the shame of hearing his elders get sloppy, his blue eyes fixed on a far high corner of the small dining room. *The End*



"You're leaving your left flank exposed!"

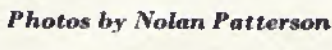
FASHION FIND



HOLIDAY SKIRT

YOUR Christmas spirit is showing in a skirt like this, one of designer Juli Lynne Charlot's story-telling fashions. This tells the tale of holiday cheer in white (or green or black) felt, with a wide ruffle and felt Christmas trees trimmed with sequins.

The designer's famous circle skirts will talk about anything you want them to: an opera, life in the suburbs, the hunt, any theme you care to order. The shirred blouse is made of jersey, middy-style. — JOAN SHORT


Photos by Nolan Patterson



AND NO PASSENGERS WERE KILLED!

Continued from page nine

the tail of each plane, to preserve vital information in case of a crash; landing gear placed so that the tires would not burn in a prolonged engine fire; nose wheel that retracts only partially; landing gear that turns toward the fuselage so that it can be reached from the cabin in case it gets jammed.

Since scientific suggestions are always subject to the objection that they are not practical, the Mayo report was submitted to John M. Chamberlain, Director of the Civil Aeronautics Board's Bureau of Safety Regulation. Mr. Chamberlain said that rearward-facing seats showed much promise and were being considered by the C.A.B. He acknowledged that parachutes were being used on military planes to reduce impact, but felt that they should be tested further before being applied to civil aircraft.

Some of the other changes, he said, might not be easily adaptable to commercial aircraft, and might be too expensive.

However, Dr. Harold R. Cox, Chief Scientist for the British Ministry of Fuel and Power, is enthusiastic about what these scientific suggestions might do for airplane safety. "If all airplanes could have backward-facing seats," he says, "and fuel tanks at the wing tips, and a safety fuel such as kerosene, I'm sure that these things alone would bring about a large reduction in the fatality rate." *The End*

HOUSEHOLD PE(S)TS



THE CANARY

by Ed Nofziger



These little birds ask only for a cage
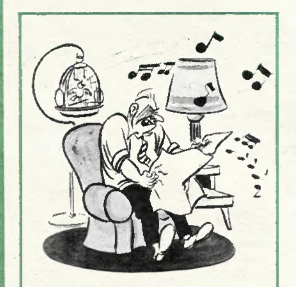


. . . a little bird seed



. . . a bath once in a while



. . . a little exercise



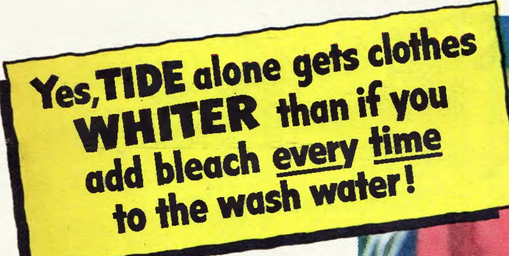
. . . and they'll fill the house with cheerful song



I think everyone should have the experience of a canary

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And TIDE gets clothes CLEANER than any soap! And, of course, when you rinse out a Tide wash, you've got cleaner clothes than you'll get with any soap *of any kind!* Everything comes cleaner with Tide—even the grimiest work shirts and overalls. No soap known will get out so much grimy dirt, yet leave clothes so free of dulling film. Get Tide today . . . see if you'll ever again want to use anything else!

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TW—12-14-52